

## Tainted Love by EvieSmallwood

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Multi, it's another OT3 get together fic, what a surprise!

**Language:** English

**Characters:** The Kids, its everyone, the teens

**Relationships:** Steve Harrington & Dustin Henderston, Steve Harrington & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler/Jonathan Byers

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-12-18

**Updated:** 2017-12-18

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 14:50:59

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,629

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Sometimes I feel I've got to  
Run away I've got to  
Get away from the pain that you drive into the heart of me  
The love we share  
Seems to go nowhere  
And I've lost my light  
For I toss and turn I can't sleep at night

or:

Deputy Steve runs into Nancy at a party. Things go from there.

## Tainted Love

### Author's Note:

I know what you're thinking.

But Ely! You already have like a million WIPs! You can't possibly manage another!

And you're right.

But I'm doing it anyway, so buckle the fuck up if you please, and enjoy.

also sidenote but this piece was inspired by this:  
<http://fromanotherroom-revived.tumblr.com/post/163980560199/fromanotherroom-tainted-love-playing-from-another>

I don't know if that link will work, but if you really wanna get the vibe of this chapter I'd copy and paste into your search bar and listen while you read :D

He pulls up to the house, lights flashing but sirens off. There are already people scattering; two bulky guys he knows are on the wrestling team practically stumble over one another, dropping their Solo cups halfway across the lawn.

Steve wipes his mouth. This whole thing is so disorienting; it's only been about nine months since he graduated high school, and there are people in there that he *knows*.

But here he is, in uniform, ready to bust down the door and tell them to turn down the music, to go home.

He has half a mind to turn around and drive back to the station, to let the party play itself out. But he knows he can't. He's only been on the job for about three months. Everything he does is vital right now.

Begrudgingly, he slips out of the cruiser and makes his way up the walk. Music is blasting so loudly it rattles the stained glass hanging from the windows. He takes a deep breath before opening the door.

“Oh shit! Police!”

Seems about right, from what he remembers in high school; cop enters, kid shouts, people scatter. Steve resists the urge to roll his eyes.

“Who’s house is this?”

“MIKEY!”

Some kid stumbles down the stairs, hauled closer by the other who yelled when he spots Steve. He looks like a freshman—sophomore at best. Steve figures this must be his big break.

His eyes widen.

“Uh—officer.”

“First party?” Steve is already pulling out his notebook, eyebrows raised.

Mikey nods. “Yeah. Sir. Yessir.”

His friend snickers beside him, but turns it into a cough when Steve glances over. Both of their faces are red. God, they’re *babies*.

“Alright, well let me lay down the land for you,” Steve sighs. “It’s not a good idea to host on this street—you’ve got a shitload of crotchety old people living around here, did you know that?”

Mikey stammers. “We—I... I guess.”

“What was your full name again?”

“Michael Pierce,” is the reply, this time more certain. “My parents are um... they’re out of town.”

He says this meaningfully as Steve writes down the age, the situation,

and the address.

“Right. Well, the problem is this: old people like to sleep. Your house is loud. Can you comprehend that? It’s real simple, honestly—”

“No, I get it, I’m sorry—”

“There are these things called noise ordinance hours. Here in Hawkins, those go from 2300 hours to 0700 hours.”

“Um...”

“That’s eleven to seven,” Steve snaps. Mikey winces. “It’s midnight. Turn the goddamn music down and tell everyone to clear out, got it?”

Mikey swallows and nods. “Yeah. Sure. Absolutely, sir.”

“And no more drinking.”

Mikey glances around at the sea of red cups and the giant keg in the middle of the living room. Steve rolls his eyes, but that’s when he spots her.

She’s tucked into a corner, hair curled and braided across her brow. She’s laughing, drinking (maybe drunk), and talking animatedly to some other girl.

At this point, he’s supposed to have moved on. It’s been months. But his love for Nancy Wheeler is one thing he can’t ever let go of. It might be his lifeline at this point.

And so it makes sense, almost, when his breath catches. His heart stops for just a minute and then starts beating again, faster, *louder*.

What is she doing here? She hates parties. Hadn’t that been one of the reasons she’d dumped him (at a party, drunk out of her mind)? She couldn’t stand the social scene. She hadn’t wanted to be a part of it. And she was sick of him finding ways to drag her along.

He supposes that she hadn’t realised he’d only been doing it for her. He’d only been trying to provide a distraction, to extract her from the constant nightmares of the past. He’d only wanted to *help*.

The music dims in volume. Steve realises Mikey is long gone. He watches as the kids start protesting, most too drunk to really care that he's even there, others not having noticed him.

She has, though.

There's a split second before her eyes automatically widen that he sees; a small flicker. A gleam of something.

Those blue irises were home to his own for over a year. From the first time he caught them, he knew: *this is where I belong. This is the only person I wanna look at for the rest of my life.*

He thinks he sees that in hers. Just for a second.

She's marching up to him, now. He realises how fucking *wasted* she is when she comes close enough. There's a sort of careless air about her. She could do anything right now, when she's like this.

She could break his heart a second time if she wanted.

"Steve," she says—but it's almost like she's humming it. "Hi. Whatcha doin' here?"

"I could ask you the same question," he retorts, shoving his notebook into his back pocket. "Thought you hated parties."

"I do," she nods. "But my parents were fighting and Mike wasn't home, and I didn't wanna be there..."

There might have been more to that. He doesn't know. She just stops, hiccups, and then refocuses on him. "Hi."

Steve can't help but grin. "Hey."

"I miss you," she blurts, looking like she's about to cry. "All the time. And I feel so fucking *awful* for what happened..."

Jesus, she *is* crying.

"Hey, it's okay!" He gently extracts the cup from her hand and sets it on the closest surface. "It's really okay—"

“Stop saying it’s okay!” She snaps. “It’s not! I’m horrible, just—just tell me so I know... so I don’t have to feel so...”

Nancy falls apart right then; straight into his arms, sobbing into his chest. Steve stares at the top of her head, a little dumbfounded.

“How about we go somewhere quiet?” he suggests, when she doesn’t feel like she might sink to the floor if he isn’t holding her up.

She nods, still sniffing, and lets him lead her through the crowd of sweaty stupid teenagers. They go upstairs, because all of the downstairs rooms are occupied.

They take what must be the master bedroom. Before Steve has even closed the door, she’s flopping down on the edge of the bed, bouncing slightly.

He doesn’t know what he’s doing up here. All he knows is he doesn’t want her crying in front of everyone.

The music turns up, suddenly. It’s so loud the walls rattle.

*What a little punk.*

“Nancy,” he swallows, “what’s Jonathan’s number?”

“355-8703,” she rattles off. “He’s studying, or something. Didn’t wanna come. Not like our grades really matter right now. We’re about to graduate.”

Steve goes over to the phone by the bed and punches in the number. It rings, and rings, and rings...

“Hello?”

“Hey, Byers, it’s... It’s Steve. Harrington.” He swallows, and Nancy starts giggling. “I-Nancy is drunk, and I’m on duty, so I need you to come pick her up.”

“Wait-*what*? Why are you there?”

There’s nothing particularly accusatory in his tone; just genuine

curiosity. “Noise complaint,” Steve says. “You know where it is, right?”

“Yeah. Curley cul-de-sac.”

Nancy is now laughing so hard she’s curled in a ball. “See you in like ten, then,” he says, and then lets the phone clatter back into its cradle.

“Nancy,” he kneels by the bed, reaching across the cream coloured quilt to touch her shoulder. “Nancy, hey—”

She goes from laughing to crying so quickly it’s unnerving. He’s only seen her this drunk once before, and that time, she’d had a mission (even if she hadn’t really known it). Now she’s just a mess. She’s here because her family is falling apart, and because they already had.

“I lied to you,” she says, in a shaky sort of voice. “I said I didn’t love you. I thought I didn’t. But it *hurts so much*.”

He doesn’t really know what he’s doing, but soon enough he’s climbed onto the bed and pulled her into his arms. She shakes, and goes on, apologising over and over again. He isn’t sure what to say, but, “I’m sorry too.”

Time passes like that; him holding her, disbelieving that it’s actually happening, and her clutching at his shirt with a weak hand.

Then there’s a knock on the door, and Jonathan Byers slips through the crack. He takes the two of them in with wide eyes.

“What happened?”

“She got drunk,” Steve says, ripping his hands away from Nancy like she’s scalding hot. The action isn’t one of mutuality, though; she keeps her grip on him, and it solidifies with a newfound strength, becoming vice-like.

“My car is outside,” Jonathan says, stupidly. “I-I can take it from here.”

There it is. That’s the end of the road. Steve nods, managing to pry

Nancy's hand off of his clothes (she moans in dissent, still grouping for him even after he's stumbled off of the bed.

"Thanks, Byers."

Jonathan looks up, and there's something startled about him. He looks like he's realised something. "Jonathan."

It's like he's cast a rope out, and Steve, floundering in the water, has the choice to either grasp it or drown.

(lifeline)

"Jonathan," he echoes.

Then he's leaving, rushing down the stairs, straight into Mikey.

"What the fuck did I tell you, kid?"

But he doesn't wait for an answer. He leaves the kid a flustered mess by the stairwell, and on his way to his cruiser he passes Jonathan's car.

Steve slips into his own. He turns the key and listens as it sputters to life, and then leans back in his seat. His fingers find a pack of Camel's. One takes home between his lips.

They're going up in smoke.

### **Author's Note:**

This was originally gonna be an angst!Steve piece that literally just touched on how he felt post-Nancy breakup... but then Jonathan came in and I knew I was doomed.

I totally love deputy Steve. I'm living for it. I'm 90% sure I invented it? But I don't know.

Ten hugs to the person who can guess the reference I



made with Jonathan's number.

Anyway, this should be fun. Please comment if you enjoyed!